

Keith-O'Brien Company



"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING!"

Welcome, Soldier Men---Yes, Welcome and Thrice Welcome!

The Visiting Throngs at This Store.

Crowds everywhere. Main street well nigh impassable. Street cars crowded. And crowds at Keith-O'Brien's. Thousands of strangers have been sight seeing and making purchases in the store. And with one accord they have expressed themselves as being surprised that goods are sold so cheap. This in view of the character of our merchandise and the handsome appearance of the store.

- ¶ More than two score years ago there was a call to arms. Secession was assailing the integrity, the very life of the nation.
- ¶ More than a million boys under 22 years of age marched with older men to a terrible war. Many of them never returned; thousands were maimed; from awful hardships others were left with health impaired; the fortunate ones were fortunate indeed.
- ¶ Myriad lives were lost—but the nation survived to once more be one people, to prosper as no other country has ever prospered.

- ¶ We hear the beat of the drums; waving flags electrify the air; up the street we look and see in phalanx array the flower of the youth of '61 to '65.
- ¶ "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!" Yes, the boys are marching—white haired, trembling and bent, but with eyes kindled with the old fire of patriotism.
- ¶ We feel it! Our hearts beat fast, our eyes grow dim.
- ¶ "Here they come!"
- ¶ God bless the soldier men!